



*Jacob Steendam, noch vaster, a  
memoir [by H.C. Murphy] of the ...*

Henry Cruse Murphy, Jacob Steendam

*The hymning of the Lord, above all praise does rise*



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With Respects of

Hen: Coenraadt

JACOB STEENDAM,

NOCH VASTER.

A MEMOIR

OF THE

FIRST POET IN NEW NETHERLAND.

WITH

HIS POEMS DESCRIPTIVE

OF THE

C O L O N Y.

THE HAGUE,

THE BROTHERS GIUNTA D'ALBANI.

1861.

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Engraving on steel at the Request of E. Synner, Esq. by J. Hoeman, Esq. in 1741



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PRINTED FOR PRIVATE DISTRIBUTION.



A miscellaneous volume of old placards and proclamations of the States General and other broadsides, put together, apparently, because they were all of the same size, was sold a few months since at the Hague at the public sale of a library. Bound up with this rubbish of two centuries ago was a sheet of verses on New Amsterdam, signed Jacob Steendam, *noch vaster*. It was a lamentation over the neglect which that new settlement had received at the hands of the powerful city of Amsterdam, whose name it bore and from which it was planted. A perusal of it raised our suspicions that it was actually written by a colonist and had been sent over to the parental city for publication; and upon investigation those facts were fully established. It is, as far as is yet known, the first attempt at poetry in what are now the States of New York, New Jersey and Delaware, and portions of the States of Connecticut and Pennsylvania, containing a population of European descent, at the present time, of nearly twice that of the Kingdom of the Netherlands; and has hitherto escaped all

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observation. The author, however, was not altogether unknown to fame in his native country; and his name is duly registered in the anthology of Fatherland among the four thousand poets whose works are found in print. He had published a respectable volume of odes and epithalamiums, and a small poem, called *The Praise of New Netherland*, together with sundry fugitive pieces, among which was one with the quaint title of *Spurring-verses to the Friends of the Colony and Brotherhood to be established on the South River of New Netherland*. But the only biographical notice of him to be found, is a short paragraph or two of fifteen lines in Van der Aa's supplement to Witsen Geysbeek's Dictionary of Dutch poets, in all respects imperfect and unsatisfactory. The poems relating to New Netherlands are all exceedingly rare; and it seemed therefore not improper to ascertain if possible some further particulars of the life of the poet, and, by a reproduction of the poems themselves, to save them from the danger of being entirely lost. This has now been done; and a translation added which pretends to no other merit than to convey the meaning of the poet, in the same metrical forms as he himself adopted, for the satisfaction of such friends, into whose hands this little publication may come, as may be unacquainted with the Dutch language.

In endeavoring to trace the career of Steendam it became necessary to resort to original sources for ma-

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terials. The labor has not been wholly without fruit; but it has not resulted in as much as could have been desired. To the kindness of Dr. O'CALLAGHAN of Albany, whose intimate acquaintance and long official connection with the colonial records there, entitle him to be considered the Archivist of the State of New York, we are indebted for the facts disclosed in regard to the poet's residence in the colony. J. T. BODEL NIJENHUIS Esq. of Leyden brought to our notice the Spurring-verses; and his thorough knowledge of the poetry and literature of his country has also availed us in some valuable suggestions in preparing the memoir. Mr. FREDERICK MULLER of Amsterdam politely placed at our disposal the only portrait of STEENDAM, which we have seen, and has enabled us to present the semblance of the poet. There is STEENDAM; in his simple garb, a study of the costume of our early colonists; and in his frank and fearless countenance, the type of the early settlers of New York. We were unwilling to leave any sources within our reach unexplored where any information might possibly exist for our purpose, and hence careful examinations have been made in the Royal Library and the National Archives at the Hague; and particularly in the latter among the records of the East India Company, for the purpose of discovering the end of the poet's wandering life. And, although little was elicited in those quarters, our thanks are

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nevertheless here due, for the unvarying courtesy and assistance which we received in the prosecution of our inquiries, to the gentlemen who administer the affairs of those two noble institutions, both as principals and in subordinate capacities.

The reprints of the original poems descriptive of New Netherland are made from copies derived from different sources. The Complaint of New Amsterdam is from the copy, discovered in the manner above mentioned, in our possession. The Praise of New Netherland is from a manuscript which we made ourselves several years ago, — not dreaming then of its use in this way or of the interest which now attaches to it, — from the printed copy belonging to JAMES LENOX Esq. of New York, the only copy of the original edition we have been able to discover. The Spurring-Verses are from a copy, in the Royal Library at the Hague, of the work of PIETER CORNELISZ. PLOCKHOY, mentioned in the sketch of Steendam.

In concluding this introduction we venture to express the hope that the poems of the Rev. Hendrick Selyns, the second of the New Netherland poets, may be collected and published. He succeeded Steendam by a few years, having gone to the colony in 1660, where he was installed the first settled minister of Brooklyn in September of that year. Dominie Selyns was one of the most accomplished scholars of his time; and was a poet and philosopher as well

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as a divine. There are some memorials of him here in Holland and some fugitive pieces of his poetry. There are also some lines of his prefixed to Mather's *Magnalia*. But it is not generally known that there is, or was a few years ago in New York, a manuscript volume of his poems, containing some verses of local interest and among them two nuptial odes upon the marriage of Aegidius Luyck rector of the Latin school in New Amsterdam in 1663, with Judith van Isendoorn, and also an epitaph upon Anna Loockermans the widow of Olof Stevensz van Cortlandt. It would be an interesting addition to the early poetry of our country, could this volume be made public; and the life of the author, who enjoyed a correspondence with Senguerdus, the learned professor of Natural Philosophy, and with Willem-a-Brakel, the orthodox author of the *Redelyke Godsdienst*, — the most esteemed work perhaps in the whole range of Dutch theology, — would be a not less valuable contribution to the literature and scientific history of the United States.

HEN. C. MURPHY.

THE HAGUE,  
27 February 1861.

## M E M O I R.

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Jacob Steendam was born in 1616. The place of his birth is uncertain; though some passages in his writings lead to the inference that it was the city of Enkhuizen in North Holland. His parentage is also unknown. He removed at an early age to Amsterdam where he continued to reside while he remained in Fatherland. The greater part of his manhood was however spent abroad, exhibiting in his career that adventurous spirit which was the great characteristic of his countrymen in the age when he lived. He wrote verses as a pastime. They were generally of a lyrical character, either amatory or psalmodic, and were accompanied with the name of the air to which they were to be sung. They were fugitive pieces thrown off apparently at intervals when the more serious occupations of life gave him leisure moments for such employment, consisting for the most part of nuptial songs and congratulatory odes addressed to distinguished personages or particular friends. They were printed from time to time in broadsides or slips, sometimes anonymously at others with his name, or motto, or both of them, subscribed. He adopted the whimsical device, of

*noch vaster*, a play upon his own name; Steendam meaning *stone dam*, and *noch vaster*, *still firmer*. Notwithstanding this assumption he appears to have been a man of very unsettled purposes of life. He was for fifteen years in the service of the West India Company<sup>1</sup>, and in 1641, while in its employ, went to the coast of Guinea, was at the taking of Fort Axem from the Portuguese in February of the following year, and remained there until 1649. Upon his return he collected his poems together and published them at Amsterdam in a small quarto volume, in three parts, under the title of *Den Distelvink*, The Thistle-finch or Gold-finch. The first and second parts appeared in 1649; the third, in 1650. The first part consists of love songs and emblems; the second, of nuptial and triumphal odes; and the last of spiritual songs. In the preface to the third part he complains that a portion of one of his poems had been stolen during his absence and recited, as the production of another person, on the boards of the Amsterdam theatre on New Years day 1646, and afterwards printed among the three prize poems of that occasion, although he had published it under his own name five years before; but as the thief had acknowledged the larceny in the presence of his wife, he says he will not expose his name. It was probably this circumstance that induced him to publish the *Distelvink*. It was a *petit larceny* of the smallest kind. It is curious, however, as an illustration of the early custom of New Years addresses and the scriptural spirit which the stage then admitted. The piece so written by Steendam is entitled, "A New Year's Gift dedicated to all orthodox professors of the true Christian Reformed Religion." The

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"O STEENDAM! die door zoo veel zcên,  
Een reex van vijftien ronde jaeren  
U aan de Maatschappij verbint," enz.

PIETER VERHOEK, *Poesij*, p. 156.



felony consisted in appropriating the concluding verse, as follows:

Het nuwe-jaar dat ons leerd mijden  
 Het oude quaad, en 't hart besnijden :  
 De slang (door 't vel) verandered haar :  
 Doet soo : neemt aan den Nuwen-mensche.  
 Hiertoe ik yder Lid-maat wensche  
 Een eeuwig, salig Nuwe-jaer.

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The new year teaches our despising  
 Old sin : our hearts a circumcising :  
 Her skin the serpent changes e'er :  
 So do you too : put on the New-man ,  
 And now I wish each Christian true man  
 A New and lasting, happy year.

Many of the pieces in the Distelvink indicate the years in which they were written, though the greater portion of them have no date. The earliest year affixed to any of them is 1636. Of the character of Steendam's poetry, some judgment may be formed from a perusal of the pieces hereafter reproduced, which constitute with the Distelvink all that we have been able to discover extant of his productions, except a few scattering verses underneath portraits and laudations prefixed to publications of some of his friends. His machinery is usually taken from the scripture or the classical mythology. He indulges in quaint conceits and rhymes; and evinces oftentimes a strong religious feeling. He belongs to the school of which, his contemporary, Father Cats, is the great exemplar.

He went to New Netherland soon after the publication of the Distelvink, and after the termination of his employment by the West India Company, apparently with a view

to a permanent settlement in the colony. In 1652 he purchased a farm at Amersfoort (Flatlands) and in the following year, a house and lot on Pearl street and another on Broadway in New Amsterdam, and also a farm at Mespath. His name occurs in the contribution lists for the expenses of the works of defence of New Amsterdam against the Indians in 1653 and 1655<sup>1</sup>, as a trader: and in the latter year he was nominated but not appointed as an orphan master. In 1658 he applied to the Director and Council for process against a person who had overcharged him for commissions on goods sold for him. In 1660 he presented a petition with others to the same authorities for permission to trade to the West Coast of Africa for the purpose of importing slaves and other articles into the colony. These recorded facts show both a fixed and continued residence by him in New Netherland during the period embraced by them, and that he was actually there in 1659 when his first poem on New Netherland was published.

He arrived in the colony at the time of great excitement concerning its boundaries, between the Dutch and English; an excitement which increased during his residence there in consequence of the continual encroachments upon the territory of the West India Company by the people of New England; the colony being in a weak state of defence and much uneasiness on that account being felt on the part of the inhabitants. More men were wanted; and Stuyvesant, the Governor, made constant appeals to the Company for aid. But the truth was, the affairs of the Company at home were in a bad way, and shortly after the surrender which soon followed, of New Netherland to the English, they went into liquidation. Besides New Netherland was not a profitable colony for the Company; and

<sup>1</sup> Valentine's New York, p. 313 and 317.

when subsequently New York was retaken by a Dutch admiral, the news was received by the reconstructed Company with perfect indifference<sup>1</sup>. There seemed therefore neither to be the means nor the disposition to relieve the colonists. On the other hand the Dutch government had no charge over the colony, as it was merely a commercial post of the Company, which had been erected while the independence of the Dutch provinces was yet unacknowledged by the Spanish monarch and as a means of annoyance to his commerce. Having accomplished the purposes of the state policy in which it originated, its further career did not interest the government in any special degree; and least of all could the colonies demand its assistance. The people who had settled in New Netherland were thus thrown upon their own resources and expedients in a great measure. They fortified New Amsterdam by levies or contributions of their own. Descriptions, showing the advantages of the country for settlement, were written and sent to Holland for publication in order to invite immigration. Steendam, too, invoked his muse in the cause, and in 1659 sent over his first effort in its behalf, in a short poem which he called "*The Complaint of New Amsterdam to her mother*"; in which New Amsterdam, personified as the daughter of the old city of Amsterdam, represents that she was born in a time of war, but had been deserted by her mother and left to the kindness of her sponsors; that she had notwithstanding the maternal neglect grown up a handsome person with a rich property, the envy of her neighbors, whose swine were turned in upon it. She asks for laborers to till her lands. Under this guise

<sup>1</sup> The records of the company for that period show that the intelligence of the recapture of New Amsterdam was received by the Directors without even reference to a committee or any further notice whatever than a minute of that fact.

the circumstances of the erection of the West India Company (the sponsors) and the encroachments of the English (the swine) are described. This poem is the first attempt of which we have any knowledge in verse in the colony; and both for its priority in that respect and as an historical piece exhibiting the feelings and temper of the colonists at an alarming time, it claims a greater degree of attention than its poetical merits simply would entitle it to demand. Hence, measured by the standard and accorded the privileges which have adjudged Sandys the first poet of Virginia and Morrell the first poet of New England, Steendam is hereafter to rank as the first poet of New York. The Complaint of New Amsterdam was followed, in 1661, by another poem from his muse in the form of a panegyric upon New Netherland, portraying its excellencies and advantages for settlement in no sparing colors. It was entitled "The Praise of New Netherland" and was published in that year in a small quarto form. It is an elaborate description of the natural productions of the land, and bears strong internal evidence, both in its language and ideas, of Steendam's personal residence in the country; but it is not certain that it was either written in the colony or published while he was there. In fact such evidence as we possess points to the contrary. The declining condition of the West India Company had compelled its directors several years before this period to dispose of a portion of their territory on the South River, or Delaware, to the city of Amsterdam, which had undertaken to colonize it, but as yet with little success. In 1662 a renewed effort for that purpose was made by the Burgomasters of the city. A community of persons known as Mennonites was organized for the purpose of settlement on the Delaware. The leader of this enterprise was Peter Cornelison Plockhoy of Zierikzee in Zeeland, who published in the last mentioned year

a pamphlet with the title: "Short and clear plan serving as a mutual contract to lighten the labor anxiety and trouble of all kinds of handicraftsmen by the establishment of a Community or Colony on the South River in New Netherland, comprising agriculturalists, seafaring persons, all kinds of necessary trades-people and masters of good arts and sciences, under the protection of Their High Mightinesses, the Lords States General of the United Netherlands, and particularly under the favorable auspices of the Honorable Magistrates of the city of Amsterdam tc." <sup>1</sup>. This high-sounding publication was intended to invite associates to engage in the scheme, and contains at the end a number of stanzas by Steendam entitled *Prickel-Vaersen*, that is, spurring-verses or lines to urge or spur on the friends of the undertaking. In this piece, which, as will be seen, is a generalization of what the poet had already written in the Praise of New Netherland and which neither in its style nor in the occasion which produced it, possesses the merit of the two other pieces, he speaks of his personal knowledge of the country. As the agreement between Ploekhoy and the city of Amsterdam was dated in June 1662 and the colonists were to sail in September, which was probably some time after the publication of the pamphlet, as that was intended to be circulated for the purpose of obtaining more associates, it is almost beyond

<sup>1</sup> *Kort en klaer ontwerp, te Amst. 1662*, small 4to, 16 pages. This collection consists of 1. the agreement between Ploekhoy and the city of Amsterdam, and may be found in N. Y. Colonial Documents collected by Mr. Brodhead and translated by Dr. O'Callaghan, II, p. 176. 2. A sonnet by Karel ver Looze upon the maxim, *Eendragt maeckt magt*, Union makes strength. 3. The plan of association. 4. Spurring-verses by Jacob Steendam; and 5. A notice that those who intend to join the association must be ready to embark by the middle of September tc. tc. This publication of Ploekhoy preceded by a few months that of the *Kort Verhael van Nieuw-Nederlands*, which, although it appeared without the name either of author or printer, evidently emanated from a similar source.

question that Steendam was in Amsterdam at the time the pamphlet appeared; and if so, he may have been there on the publication of the Praise of New Netherland in the preceding year. He certainly had left the colony in 1663, as we find a minute in the records of April in that year, of a petition presented to the Director and Council by *attorney*, in his name, for leave to fence in his land at Mespath Kil. But his retaining the ownership of that property leads us to believe that though he had gone to Holland he had not abandoned his residence in the colony, but intended to return. The interest which he seems to have taken in promoting emigration from Holland to the colony at this period, as shown by The Praise of New Netherland and the stanzas in Ploekhoy's book, adds strength to this conclusion. But he did not return to New Netherland. The storm which had been so long gathering over the heads of the colonists was now ready to burst, and in the following year the English took possession of the colony in the name of the Duke of York. Then Steendam gave up the country which he had sought to save from its impending fate; and true to that law of his nature which led him ever to seek his fortune beyond the seas, he embarked from Amsterdam in 1665 for the East Indies.<sup>1</sup> Few traces of him occur after this period, but such as are found show that he was at Batavia. There is a fine portrait of Cornelius Speelman, engraved by A. Blooteling and dated Batavia, 10 December 1670, with a stanza of six lines signed Jacob Steendam, *noch vader*. A manuscript memorandum on the portrait of Steendam in possession of Mr. Müller states that in 1671 he was *vader* or superintendent of the Orphan House at Batavia. This is the last mention of him which we have seen; and

<sup>1</sup> Van der Aa's supplement to P. G. Witsen Geysbeek's Dictionary of Dutch poets III, 202.

we are therefore as much at a loss to know where he ended his days as where he began them. We may perhaps reasonably infer that he died in the East. There may be memoirs of him in existence at Batavia; and we may hereafter learn the particulars of his life subsequent to his arrival there, and of his death. He may have descendants living there, for he was married, as we have already seen in his statement that the confession of the thief who stole his poetry, was made in presence of his wife. Her name was Sara de Rosschou; and he has addressed to her, in the Distelvink, an ode which he devotes to her religious character alone. There are doubtless, too, more facts in regard to him yet to be found in Holland; and we have reason to believe he published other poems than those we have mentioned; his spirit was too active to leave either mind or body long at rest.

Steendam enjoyed the esteem of distinguished contemporaries. Peter Verhoek addressed two poems to him on his departure for Batavia, evincing much feeling and expressed with elegance. The few lines of Johan Nieuhof, underneath his portrait, are terse and neat, and testify to the religious character of his poems. As we have there given a translation, we may here present a copy of them in their original dress. They are as follows:

" Hier Ziet gij d'Ommetrek, het Aanschijn, en het weezen,  
 Van STEENDAM: door de hand van Kooman afgebeeld.  
 De Gaaven van Zyn Geest, in Maatzang uitgelezen,  
 Verstrecken Godts Gemeent, een Harp, die d'Ooren streeld,  
 Met Davidts Hemel-taal. Wie kan zijn kunst vol-looven?  
 Des Heeren Lofgezag, gaat alle Loff te booven.

JOHAN NIEUHOF. "

Nieuhof is well known as the author of two works contained in the collection of Montanus, one relating to Brazil, and the other to the embassy of the Dutch East India Company to the Great Cham of Tartary in 1655-7. It was probably at Batavia that he became acquainted with our poet. Both these testimonials go perhaps more to Steendam's personal worth than to his excellence as a poet. As such we may accept them in behalf of a land far away from his natal home and probable final resting place, but where he was first to strike the lyre which has since been touched by many more brilliant and more fortunate hands.

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P O E M S

ON

N E W N E T H E R L A N D .

KLACHT VAN NIEUW-AMSTERDAM ,  
  
IN NIEUW-NEDERLANDT,

TOT

HAAR MOEDER:

VAN HAAR BEGIN, WASDOM EN TEGENWOORDIGEN STAND.



T' AMSTERDAM,  
By PIETER DIRKSZ. BOETEMAN,  
Boekdrukker, op de Egelantiers-gracht. 1659.

COMPLAINT OF NEW AMSTERDAM  
IN NEW NETHERLAND,  
TO  
HER MOTHER,  
OF HER BEGINNING, GROWTH AND PRESENT CONDITION.



AMSTERDAM,  
By PETER DIRCKSON BOETEMAN,  
Bookprinter, on the Egclantine Canal. 1659.

# K L A G T

VAN

## NIEUW-AMSTERDAM.

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'k Ben een *Na-nicht* van de Goden  
Die an *d' Amstel* haar geboden  
Stellen , tot een vaste baak :  
Tot een heul , en tot een wraak.

'k Ben uit *Amsterdam* geboren :  
'k Heb haar borsten vroeg verloren ;  
Want men heeft my strak gespeend :  
't Geen ik dikwils heb beweend.

'k Heb veel ongemak geleden ,  
'k Heb van jongs-op-an gestreden :  
Want doen ik ter wereld kwam ,  
't Onheil zijn beginsel nam.

Dunkt u dit een seldzaam wonder ?  
Mijn geboorte in 't bysonder :  
Met diens toeval , daar omtrent ,  
Maakt u dese saak bekend.

Wilt gy na mijn afkomst vragen ?  
'k Ben een langen tijd gedragen ,  
In de lendenen van *Mars* :  
't Scheen , mijn Moeder wierd my wars.

THE COMPLAINT  
OF  
NEW AMSTERDAM.

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I'm a grandchild of the Gods  
Who on th' Amstel have abodes;  
Whence their orders forth are sent,  
Swift for aid and punishment.

I, of Amsterdam, was born,  
Early of her breasts forlorn;  
From her care so quickly weaned  
Oft have I my fate bemoaned.

From my youth up left alone,  
Naught save hardship have I known;  
Dangers have beset my way  
From the first I saw the day.

Think you this a cause for marvel?  
This will then the thread unravel,  
And the circumstances trace,  
Which upon my birth took place.

Would you ask for my descent?  
Long the time was it I spent  
In the loins of warlike Mars.  
'T seems my mother, seized with fears,

Tot een misval, van verschrikken :  
Doch ik sal niet licht verklikken ,  
Hoe de saak is toe-gegaan.  
Siet: ik heb wel eer verstaan ,  
Dat ook *Bacchus* ('t zijn geen dromen)  
Soo is voor den dagh gekomen  
Uyt de Dye van Jupiter.  
Maar mijn reden gaan te verr'.

'k Mach mijn eygen saak verhalen ,  
Om niet van den wegh te dwalen :  
Schoon ook *Bacchus* my (als vriend)  
In mijn saken , vaardig diend.

't *Vroed-wijf* dat my heeft ontfangen ,  
Was Bellone: die een langen  
Tijd , geseten heeft , met smart :  
Want den arbeid viel te hart.

Mijn geboorte was met tranen :  
Midts mijn Buuren , d' Indianen  
My vervolgden , nacht en dach :  
Wijl ik nau mijn *Moeder* sach.

Doch mijn *Voogden*, en mijn *Peters* ,  
Die verschaften my wat beters :  
Want sy vochten voor mijn lijf ,  
En bestelden my een Wijf ,

Tot een Voedster, die haar borsten  
Niet verschoonde , als my dorsten :  
Dit was *Ceres*: die my heeft  
Op-gequeeckt , van 't geen sy geeft.

'k Wil haar (boven allen) prijsen :  
Want sy deed' mijn hoornen rijsen ,  
Dat ik wies van tijd , tot tijd ,  
Midden in mijn last , en strijd.

Prematurely brought me forth.  
But I now am very loth  
To inform how this befel ;  
Though 't was thus, I know full well ,  
Bacchus, too, — it is no dream, —  
First beheld the daylight's beam  
From the thigh of Jupiter.  
But my reasons go too far.

My own matter must I say,  
And not loiter by the way,  
E'en though Bacchus oft has proven  
Friend to me in my misfortune.

Now the midwife who received me,  
Was Bellona ; in suspense, she  
Long did sit in trembling fear,  
For the travail was severe.

From the moment I was born,  
Indian neighbors made me mourn.  
They pursued me night and day,  
While my mother kept away.

But my sponsors did supply  
Better my necessity ;  
They sustained my feeble life ;  
They procured a bounteous wife

As my nurse, who did not spare  
To my lips her paps to bare.  
'This was Ceres ; freely she  
Rendered what has nurtured me.

Her most dearly I will prize ;  
She has made my horns to rise ;  
Trained my growth through tender years,  
'Midst my burdens and my cares.

Doch ik wil hier dit byvoegen ,  
'k Heb my dikwils laten noegen  
Met Sappaan , en Harte-vleysch :  
Schraal , en nauwlijks na den eysch.

Als ik dus begon te wassen ,  
Scheen ik nergens op te passen :  
Siet , mijn borsten wierden net ,  
En mijn heupe vast geset.

Self *Nephtuni* wierd my gonstig :  
Ja *Mercuri* gau , en konstig ,  
Kleeden my , met Goud , en Sy :  
Dies scheen elk het vryen vry.

Maar men poogde my te schaken ,  
Om het blozen van mijn kaken :  
Om de schoonheyd van mijn jeugd :  
Als een voorwerp , an de vreugd.

Om de vruchten van mijn Bogert.  
Seeker , 't is een droge-drogert ,  
Die een Vrijster (soo begoedt)  
Niet te meerder anstoot doet.

Want ik sou wel durven roemen ,  
Dat men niemand weet te noemen ,  
Die een beter plaats besit :  
Als die ik heb tot mijn wit.

Siet , mijn tuyn leyd an twee stromen ,  
Die van 't Oost , en 't Noorden komen ,  
En haar storten in de Zee :  
Visch-rijk boven allen mee.

Melk , en Boter , Ooft , en Fruyten ,  
Dat men nau 't getal kan uyten :



True both simple 't was, and scant,  
What I had to feed my want.  
Oft 't was naught except Sapawn <sup>1</sup>  
And the flesh of buck or fawn.

When I thus began to grow,  
No more care did they bestow.  
Yet my breasts are full and neat,  
And my hips are firmly set.

Neptune shows me his good will;  
Merc'ry, quick, exerts his skill  
Me t'adorn with silk and gold;  
Whence I'm sought by suitors bold.

Stricken by my cheek's fresh bloom,  
By my beauteous youthful form,  
They attempt to seize the treasure  
To enjoy their wanton pleasure.

They, my orchards too, would plunder,  
Truly 'tis a special wonder,  
That a maid, with such a portion,  
Does not suffer more misfortune:

For, I venture to proclaim,  
No one can a maiden name,  
Who with richer land is blessed  
Than th' estate by me possessed.

See: two streams my garden bind,  
From the East and North they wind, —  
Rivers pouring in the sea,  
Rich in fish, beyond degree.

Milk and butter; fruits to eat  
No one can enumerate;

<sup>1</sup> A pure Indian word, adopted by the colonists and still in use, meaning  
mush or boiled meal of maize.

Tuyn-vrucht , wat men wenschen mach :  
Granen 't beste dat men sacht.

Alles wat men kan bedenken ,  
Komt den Rijken-gever schenken ,  
(Neffens een gesonde lucht)  
An mijn jonkheydt seer beducht :

Om de Swijnen , die met voeten  
Mijn gewas vertreen , en wroeten  
Al mijn rijke Akkers om :  
Schoon ik hou my stil , als stom :

Met een hoope , op mijn Moeder :  
Die my , kan een trouwe hoeder  
Strekken , in dit ongeval :  
't Is mijn wensch , en 't isset al.

So ik maar mach Bouw-liën krijgen ,  
'k Sal niet voor de Groten swijgen :  
Want mijn werk-volk is te min ,  
Krijg ik maar een groot gesin ,

'k Sal mijn Moeders keuken vullen ,  
Met mijn leuren , met mijn prullen :  
Met mijn Bont , Toebak , en Graan :  
Dat sy Pruyssen sal versmaân.

IACOB STEENDAM ,

*Noch vaster.*

Ev'ry vegetable known ;  
Grain the best that e'er was grown.

    All the blessings man e'er knew ,  
Here does Our Great Giver strew ,  
(And a climate ne'er more pure)

But for me, — yet immature,

    Fraught with danger, for the Swine  
Trample down these crops of mine ;  
Up-root, too, my choicest land ;  
Still and dumb, the while, I stand,

    In the hope, my mothers arm  
Will protect me from the harm.

She can succour my distress.

Now my wish, my sole request, —

    Is for men to till my land ;  
So I'll not in silence stand.

I have lab'rors almost none ;

Let my household large become ;

    I'll my mother's kitchen furnish

With my knicknacks, with my surplus ;

With tobacco, furs and grain ;

So that Prussia she'll disdain.

JACOB STEENDAM,

*Noch vaster.*

T L O F

VAN

N U W - N E D E R L A N D .

DAARIN , KORT , EN GRONDIG WORD ANGEWESEN D'UYTMUNTENDE  
HOEDANIGHEDEN, DIE HET HEEFT IN DE SUYVERHEIT DES LUCHTS,  
VRUCHTBAARHEIT DES AARDRIJKS, VOORT-TELING DES VEES,  
OVERVLOED DES WILDS, EN VISSCHEN: MET DE WEL-  
GELEGENHEIT TOT SCHIPVAARD, EN ROOPHANDEL

DOOR

JACOB STEEN-DAM.



T AMSTERDAM,

Voor JACOBUS VAN DER FUYK,

Boekverkooper in de Stil-steech. Anno 1661.

THE PRAISE  
OF  
NEW NETHERLAND.

WHEREIN ARE BRIEFLY AND TRULY SHOWN THE EXCELLENT QUALITIES  
WHICH IT POSSESSES IN THE PURITY OF THE AIR, FERTILITY  
OF THE SOIL, PRODUCTION OF THE CATTLE, ABBUNDANCE  
OF GAME AND FISH: WITH ITS ADVANTAGES  
FOR NAVIGATION AND COMMERCE

BY  
JACOB STEENDAM.



AMSTERDAM,  
For JACOBUS VAN DER FUYK,  
Bookseller in the Still-Alley. Anno 1661.

# 'T LOF VAN NUW-NEDERLAND.

GE-EYGENED

DE ACHTBARE HEERE

## CORNELIS VAN RUYVEN:

RAAD EN GEHEYMSCHRYVER VAN DE E. WEST-  
INDISCHE MAAT-SCHAP: ALDAAR,

*Getrouwe, en seer op-rechte Voorstander  
van Nuw-Nederland.*

---

Een ander, scherpt zijn schaft, en gau vernuft  
Op d'ydelheyt van lof, en roem en suft  
In 't Doolhof der Gedachten: die (verbluft)

In 't duyster dolen.

Op 't voorwerp van 't geen smaad, of niet behoord  
Daar eygen eer (in yder konstig woord)  
Behartigd word: en vlugge sinnen smoord

In donk're holen.

Voor my, Ik kies een ander hoger-kant.  
Mijn *Sang-Heldin* verheft Nuw-Nederland:  
Daar 't *Amstels*-Volk haar Volk'ren heeft geplant,  
Gequeekt tot heden.

*Nuw-Nederland*, gy edelste Gewest  
Daar d'Opperheer (op 't heerlijkst) heeft gevest  
De Volheyt van zijn gaven: alder-best:

In alle Leden.

THE PRAISE OF NEW NETHERLAND.

DEDICATED TO

THE HONORABLE

CORNELIS VAN RUYVEN:

COUNCILLOR AND SECRETARY OF THE HON. WEST  
INDIA COMPANY THERE.

*Faithful and very upright Promoter  
of New Netherland.*

---

With sharpened pen and wit, one tunes his lays,  
To sing the vanity of fame and praise;  
His moping thoughts, bewildered in a maze,  
In darkness wander.

What brings disgrace, what constitutes a wrong,  
These form the burden of the tuneful song:  
And honor saved, his senses then among  
The dark holes ponder.

For me, it is a nobler theme I sing.  
New Netherland springs forth my heroine;  
Where Amstel's folk did erst their people bring,  
And still they flourish.

New Netherland, thou noblest spot of earth,  
Where Bounteous Heaven ever poureth forth  
The fulness of His gifts, of greatest worth,  
Mankind to nourish.

Wie, (buiten gonst, of onwil) u beseft  
En kundig, uw hoedanigheden treft  
Sal billyken, die u verheffing heft

Tot aan de wolken.

So hy, de vier Hoofd-stoffen in u peyld :  
En op het loot van kennis, die beseyld  
En krust: en in zijn oordeel niet en feyld

Voor vrije volken.

Uw *Lucht*, en dun, en helder, zijn, en klaar,  
Doordringende: gematigd nochtans daar  
Den Westen, en Noord-westen wind: die haar

Van dampen leedigd.

Van damp, en mist, en nevelachtigheyt;  
Van stank, die uyt de Poelen sich verspreyd  
Om-hoog, in strijd; en vlugtig voor haar scheyd

En 't weer bevredigd

Soo dat geen Pest, noch Lazery u plaagd;  
Die 't eene Land, het ander over-draagd:  
Ten waar, u volk bysonder wierd belaagd

Van grove sonden.

Uw Son, des *Vuurs* oorspronkelyke-gloed  
En warremte: en 't voedsel dat het voed,  
Is suyver, heet, en (op het eelste) goed;

Vol sap bevonden.

't En is geen Turf, geen koe-mest (uytgedroogd)  
Geen koolen, die de nood (tot nut) beoogd:  
Geen plaggen, van de heyde op-gehoogd,

Tot brand geheven,

Dat 's Menschen hoofd, en breyn bedwelmen kan,  
Door quaden reuk, en bangen-lucht: Waarvan



Whoe'er to you a judgment fair applies,  
And knowing, comprehends your qualities,  
Will justify the man who, to the skies,  
Extols your glories.

Who studies well your natural elements,  
And with the plumb of science, gains a sense  
Of all the four: fails not in their defence,  
Before free juries.

Your *Air*, so clear, so sharp to penetrate,  
The Western breezes softly moderate;  
And, tempering the heat, they separate  
It from all moisture.

From damp, and mist, and fog, they set it free;  
From smells of pools, they give it liberty:  
The struggling stench made to mount on high,  
And be at peace there.

No deadly pest its purity assails,  
To spread infection o'er your hills and vales,  
Save when a guilty race, great sins bewails  
In expiating.

Your Sun, th'original of *Fire* and heat,  
The common nutriment of both to eat,  
Is warm and pure; in plants most delicate,  
Much sap creating

Nor turf, nor dried manure <sup>1</sup>, — within your doors,  
Nor coal, extracted from earth's secret stores;  
Nor sods, uplifted from the barren moors,  
For fuel given;

Which, with foul stench the brain intoxicate;  
And thus, by the foul gas which they create,

<sup>1</sup> This article is used in some parts of the Netherlands for fuel.

Een kloek verstand (in meenig geestig Man)  
Word uyt-gedreven.

Het ruyme bosch, verschaft u beter brand;  
't Is Noten-hout, dat niemand heeft geplant  
Dat haart, en huys (voor felle winters) mand,  
Als dap're helden.

Met vettigheyt, en scherpigheyt, ver-rijkt.  
Wiens heete-vlam, geen vocht, noch koude wijkt.  
Wiens geur, en reuk (vol aangenaamheyt) lijkt  
Na *Edens* velden.

Uw *Water* (varsch, en klaar, en koel, en soet)  
Dat uyt de grond (met dub'le overvloed)  
Gedurig vloeit, tot alle plaatsen; doet  
Veel beeken vloeijen

Tot laafenis van 't Wild, en 't Tamme-vee:  
Tot wasdom van 't gewas, op yder stee:  
Verquikking van de Menschen, die hier mee  
Voorspoedig groeijen.

Uw *Aarde* (seer verscheiden, in den aart)  
Is swart, en wit, en rood, en blau; en baard  
Uyt haren schoot, een ryken oogst; en spaard  
Al wat de mond vleyd.

So veelderley, dat het nau eynde heeft.  
En voerd (vol-op) al wat door adem leeft;  
't Geen sy, weêrom tot spijs des Menschen geeft,  
En syn gezondheid.

O vrucht-rijk *Land*, vol zeegens, opgehoopt;  
Wie in 't vernuft, uw gaven over-loopt;  
En yder deel, ten rechten-eynde noopt,  
Die sal bespeuren,

Dat gy, geheel (in allen) zijt volmaakt;  
Indien oyt Land volmaaktheit heeft geraakt.

The intellects of many, wise and great,  
Men are out-driven.

The forests do, with better means, supply  
The hearth and house: the stately hickory,  
Not planted, does the winter fell defy, —

A valiant warden;  
So closely grained, so rich with fragrant oil,  
Before its blaze both wet and cold recoil;  
And sweetest perfumes float around the while,  
Like 'n Eden's garden.

The *Water* clear and fresh, and pure and sweet,  
Springs up continually beneath the feet,  
And every where the gushing fountains meet,

In brooks o'erflowing,  
Which animals refresh, both tame and wild;  
And plants conduce to grow on hill and field;  
And these to man unnumbered comforts yield,  
And quickly growing.

The *Earth* in soils of different shades appears,  
Black, blue and white, and red; its bosom bears  
Abundant harvests; and, what pleases, spares  
Not to surrender.

No bounds exist to their variety.  
They nourishment afford most plenteously  
To creatures which, in turn, man's wants supply  
And health engender.

O fruitful land! heaped up with blessings kind,  
Whoe'er your several virtues brings to mind, —  
Its proper value to each gift assigned,

Will soon discover,  
If ever land perfection have attained,  
That you in all things have that glory gained;

Ontdankbaar is hy dan, die u oyt laakt;  
 Of vuyl sou keuren.

Uw *Sit-plaats* is d'Amerikaansche-kust  
 In 't Noorder-deel. Daar aller Sinnne-lust  
 Versadigd word: Ja rykelijk geblust.

Gy hebt vermogen  
 Te geven, al wat eenig Volk behoefd,  
 Tot nooddruft: En verheuging, die bedroefd  
 Verquikking eyscht. Of sich in wellust toeft:

Voor aller oogen.  
 De groote *Zee* bespoeld uw voorste-strand;  
 Die (als een dijk) zich voor u Velden kant:  
 Door-aderd, met veel killen: die het *Land*,  
 En 't Bosch verfrisschen.

Die van 't gebergt, en heuvels neder-vliên:  
 En 't Molen-werk, bequame plaatsen biên  
 Op d'oovers van u stromen. Waard te sien:

Gepropt met Visschen.  
 En Prik, en Aal, en Sonne-vis, en Baars:  
 Die (blank en geel) u 'Taaff'len als wat raars)  
 Vercieren kan: ook Elft, en Twalft niet schaars,  
 Maar overvloedig.

Steenbrassem, Steur, en Dartien, en Knor-haan<sup>1</sup>,  
 En Zee-baars, die geen Vorst sal laten slaan:  
 En Kabellau: en Salm die (wel gebraan)  
 Is vet, en voedig.

Swart-vis, en Roch, en Haring, en Makreel,  
 Schelvis, Masbank, en Voren die (so veel)

<sup>1</sup> The *knorhaan*, belonging to a species called by the English, after the French, *gurnard* or *gurnet* is caught on the coast of England in large quantities by the Dutch fishermen. It is a small bony fish, not much esteemed. It does not exist in America. The poet refers probably to the *porgy* of our

Ungrateful mortal, who, your worth disdained,  
Would pass you over.

In North America, behold your *Seat*,  
Where all that heart can wish you satiate,  
And where oppressed with wealth inordinate,  
You have the power,  
To bless the people with whate'er they need;  
The melancholy, from their sorrows, lead;  
The light of heart, exulting pleasure cede,  
Who never cower.

The *Ocean* laves secure the outer shore,  
Which, like a dyke, is raised your fields before;  
And streams, like arteries, all veined o'er,

The woods refreshing;  
And rolling down from mountains and the hills,  
Afford, upon their banks, fit sites for mills;  
And furnish, what the heart with transport fills,

The finest fishing.  
The lamprey, eel and sunfish, and the white  
And yellow perch, which grace your covers dight;  
And shad and striped bass, not scarce, but quite  
Innumerable.

The bream and sturgeon, drumfish and gurnard;  
The sea-bass which a prince would not discard;  
The cod and salmon, — cooked with due regard,  
Most palatable.

The black- and roch-fish, herring, mackerel,  
The haddock, mosbankers and roach which fill

shores. *Twaalf* and *dertien* (striped bass and drumfish) mentioned in this and the preceding stanza, are Dutch colonial names, unknown in Holland, as the fish are peculiar to the American waters.

Tot walgens toe, de Netten vuld: en heel

Min word ge-eeten.

So gaat het hier: dat 's Werelts overvloed,  
(Waar meê de Mensch, word koninglijk gevoed  
Door gulle gunst des milden gevers) doet

Hem vaak vergeeten.

Weekvis, en Schol, en Carper, Bot, en Snoek.  
Ja gy en hebt geen poel; geen water-hoek,  
Of 't krielter vol van Visschen: die (te soek)

Licht zijn te vinden.

En Kreeft, en Krab, en Mossels: Oesters, die  
Een, beter is als in EUROPA drie

In veelheyt heel on-kenbaar, voor hem, wie

't Mocht onderwinden.

De Schild-pad, en de Zee-hond, en den Hay,  
De Walvis, en Tonijn speeld in u Bay:  
En toond Gods macht, en wonderheden. Fray

Om an te merken.

De seldsaamheên in 't Banelose diep:

De diepte, van de *Wysheyt*, die het schiep:

Die noyt en slaapt, noch nimmermeer en sliep:

Maar werkt, in 't werken.

Het wild Gediert' dat door de Bosschen rend

By duysenden: en nau sijn Meester kend:

Word (als een Lam) tot 's Menschen nut gewend:

En vlees, en vellen.

De Bever, en den Otter, schoon van bont.

De Visscher, die nau sijns gelijk en vond:

De Katalos (voor oude-Leên) gezond

Die Gichten quellen.

Den Espan, en de Vos, de Mink, en Haas,

De Mater, en Eenkhooren: die de baas

The nets to loathing; and so many, all

Cannot be eaten.

And thus it happens here, that in the flood  
Which, rolling from the Fountain of all Good,  
O'erwhelms weak mortal man with royal food,

He is forgotten.

You've weak-fish, carp and turbot; pike and plaice;  
There's not a pool or tiny water trace,  
Where swarm not myriads of the finny race,

Easily taken.

Crabs, lobsters, mussels; oysters, too, there be  
So large, that one does overshadow three  
Of those of Europe; and, in quantity,

No one can reckon.

The tortoise, seal and shark; and in your bay,  
The mighty whale and porpoise sporting, they  
The power and wondrous works of God display

For our beholding.

And curious forms come out the shoalless deep,  
Whose depths produced by Wisdom Infinite,  
Have never slept and never more will sleep,

His works unfolding.

The *Animals* which in the woods roam free  
By thousands; and are no one's property,  
Are reared like lambs, their flesh and skins to be

For man's sustaining.

The beaver, and the otter, clean of limb;  
The weasel, which has scarce the like of him;  
The wild cat, strengthening the old, who seem,

With gout complaining.

Raccoon and fox, with marten, mink and hare;  
The nimble squirrels, leaping through the air

In 't vluchten speeld : en nochtans is het aas  
 Van grage monden :  
 Van Leeuw <sup>1</sup>, en Beer, en Wolf, en ander Wild :  
 Dat (in de Jaeht) zijn ruyme-tijd verspild :  
 Tot dat de maag, en honger is gestild :

De proy verslonden.

Den Eland, en de Hinde. en het Hart  
 Dat (vluchtende) sich dickwijls vind verward  
 In 't Bosch : wanneer hy 't met de laatste smart

Moet duur bekopen.

't *Gevogelte* dat sich tot Roven snelde :  
 En kleynder soort, steeds (als vervolger) queld,  
 Is d'Arend, en de Valk, die 't blauwe-veld

Met 't oog door-lopen.

De Kuyken-dief, de Havik, (fel van klau)  
 De Sperwer, en Steen-kryter, die soo gau  
 Ontdekken kan zijn vyand : als hy flau

Is in het vlieden.

De End, de Gans, Kalkoen, en Trotse-swaan,  
 De Duyker, en de Reyger, en de Kraan  
 De Snep, en Wulp, en Meerle, en Berk-haan :

Staan voor 't gebieden.

De Duyf, Patrys, Fasant, and Majijs dief ;  
 De Smient (die self een lek're-tong verhief)  
 De Taling, en de Lijster : tot gerief

En dienst des Menschen.

't Getal, 't geslacht, de soorten altemaal  
 Der Vogelen, zijn buyten kun, en taal

<sup>1</sup> It is difficult to say what animal is here meant. Van der Donk and Dominie Megapolensis, whose descriptions of the productions of the country are the most accurate given by the early writers, both also speak of lions existing there; but the animal generally known as such never has been found in New



And flying ; which , to craving stomachs , are  
     Baits most decoying.  
 Bears , lions , wolves and other beasts of prey ,  
 The chase has long since made to waste away ,  
 Their maws , with naught the hunger to allay ,  
     Themselves destroying.  
 The elk , the hind and hart which , fleeing , bound  
 Far in the forest depths , and there are found ;  
 And when at last they feel the fatal wound ,  
     Die hard and crying.  
 Of *Birds* , there is a knavish robbing crew ,  
 Which constantly the smaller tribes pursue ;  
 The hawk and eagle swoop the azure blue ,  
     With sharp eyes prying.  
 The chicken saker-hawk , with talons fell ;  
 The sparrow-hawk ; the vigilant castrel  
 Watching his enemy , till he may reel  
     And faint in flying.  
 The duck , the goose , the turkey , the proud swan  
 The diver and the heron and the crane ,  
 The snipe , the curlew , merlin and moorhen ,  
     The foremost vieing ;  
 The dove and pheasant , thievish blackbird , quail ;  
 The widgeon , which an epicure may hail ;  
 The teal and bob-o'-lincoln , all avail  
     For man's enjoyment.  
 But names are wanting wholly to explain  
 The numerous species of the feathered train ;

Netherland. The wild cat, which some have conjectured to be referred to, is expressly mentioned in one of the preceding stanzas as a distinct species. The poet confesses he had never seen lions himself, when he says they had been all killed off.

't Was dan gewis, een nodeloos-verhaal,

Haar kun te wenschen.

Het Bosch, 't Gebergt, de laagte, en 't vlakke-veld

Is (uyt den aard) so rykelijk besteld,

Met meenigte van *Vruchten*: Die het teld

Sal 't al niet treffen.

De Akers zijn en bitter, en weer soet:

De Noten (seer verscheyden) dubbel goed:

Kastanjen die ik (boven and're moet)

En sal, verheffen.

d'Aard-bes pronkt, met een rood-schaarlaken kleur:

De Pruym, en Kars, en Druyf (vol soete geur)

d'Aard-akers, en Aard-boontjes, zijn te keur:

En Aartisokken.

De Kruys, de Moer; de Blau, en Swarte-bey,

Knof-look, en Look, en Vette-kous, en Prey,

De Hop, en Munt schynd (met een soet gevley)

Het oog te lokken.

Uw Bosch schaft Hout tot Huys, en Schip, en Schuyt.

En Bies, en Riet, en Hoy, en ruijgte, spruyt

(In overvloed) ten gullen Aard-rijk uyt.

Uw Strand geeft steenen.

Tot allerley gebruyk, seer nut, te saam:

Tot malen, en tot slypen heel bequaam:

Tot Metsel-werk, en Straat. 't Geen nau de naam

Is te verleenen.

Quik-silver, Goud <sup>1</sup>, en Pot-loot, en Kristal,

Vol-aarde, en Pot-aarde. 't Is 'er al,

Wat oyt vernuft (met konst) bedenken sal:

Of kan versinnen.

<sup>1</sup> The belief in the existence of gold was universal among the colonists, and specimens of rock containing it, as was supposed, were sent to Holland;

And surely the recital were a vain,

Misspent employment.

The hills and valleys, fields and forests wide,  
As richly are, by nature's hand, supplied  
With *Fruits*. Of which all will be satisfied

By this true story.

Acorns there are, the bitter and the sweet;  
And nuts of various kinds, all choice to eat;  
Of these the chesnuts, with the rest, compete

And win the glory.

And strawberries, which in proud scarlet shine;  
The plum, the cherry, and grape clustering vine;  
The ground-nut and the ground-bean, both, we find;

The artichoke, too.

The gooseberry, both sorts of mulberries;  
The garlick, leek and field-salad and cives;  
And hops and mints, with sweetest flatteries,

The eyes provoke do.

Within your woods, for house and ship, is found  
Good building timber; in your untilled ground,  
Do reeds and rushes and wild grass abound;

Upon you border.

Lie stone for every use; some suitable  
For polishing and grinding; some as well  
For masonry and streets. 'Tis hard to tell

Them all in order.

Blacklead and chrystal, quicksilver and gold;  
And clay to full or bake; your hills unfold  
Whatever art and science seek to mould,

Or can discover.

at different times, for analyzation. The glittering ore turned out to be nothing but pyrites, as many a more modern enthusiast has found out also.

Het Heel-*Kruyd*, en Genees-Kruyd (veel geacht)  
Dat wonderlijk, en met een groote-kracht,  
Genesen kan de quetsing: en d'on-macht,  
En siekt, van binnen.

De Maselyn: en 't geurig Salsefras,  
Dat als kanneel een flauwe Ziel genas,  
Is daar geacht (als onkruid) een gewas  
Om uyt te roeijen.

So staat het Kruyd, by duysenden op 't Land  
Op 't hoog gebergt, en an de Water-kant.  
In werking vreemt, en boven ons verstand:  
Schoon 't mogt ons moeijen.

Voor Bye, en Wesp, 't welruykende gebloemt  
Is overal: in kleur, en geur geroemd:  
Veel meer, als nu mijn *Heldin* heeft genoemd,  
Komt hier te voren.

Daar noyt de hand des Menschen is geweest,  
Om iet te doen, tot hulpe siet: dit leest  
Men (sonder moeyte en sorg) van 't Veld: en vreest  
Geen werk verloren.

Maar wat de *Konst* (hier boven) noch bedenkt:  
En an u schoot (uyt and're Landen) schenkt,  
Tot queeking: 't Geen nochtans u niet en krenkt,  
Maar sterkt, in 't voeden.

Is 't smaaklyk Ooft, is alderhande Fruyt;  
Is Moes, Sala', Radijs, en lieflijk Kruid  
Is Raap, en Kool, die gy op 't beste sluyt,  
En kunt behoeden.

Is bijtend-kruyd, de trekkende Tabak  
Is Wortelen: is Malsse-pinstenak:  
Meloen, Pompoen, Spansch-spek: dat (met gemak)  
Sich laat genieten.

You've *herbs*, both wholesome and medicinal,  
 Possessed of virtues wondrous powerful  
 The failing strength to raise, and wounds to heal,

And curing fever.

Sweet marjoram; and sassafras, whose root,  
 Like cassia, does the fainting soul recruit,  
 And o'er the fields its fragrant suckers shoot,  
 Like weeds, to harrow.

So grow the plants by thousands o'er the land,  
 Along the mountain top and water strand,  
 It is too strange for us to understand,

And to our sorrow.

For bee and wasp, sweet-smelling flowers bloom,  
 O'er all; renowned for colors and perfume;  
 More, than my Heroine can yet assume

To name, occurring.

Wherever men a helping hand accord  
 To nature, there behold! the fields reward  
 Them, without any care; no fears unt'ward

Of loss them worry'ng.

Whatever skilful science more may know,  
 And in your lap, from other countries, throw  
 For culture: these, fresh strength on you bestow,

Without consuming.

You've most delicious hand-and kitchen fruits,  
 Greens, salads, radishes and savory shoots,  
 And turnips; and the cabbage you produce,

In large heads poming.

The biting herb — the strong tobacco plant;  
 The carrot and the Maltese parsnip; and  
 The melon, pumpkin, Spanish comfrey, grant

The sweetest pleasure.

't Wast alles (wat in andre Landen wast)  
Op uwen rug : Ook daar men niet op past :  
En sonder veel bekommering en last

Komt uyt te schieten.

Is Tarw, en Rog', en Garst, en Ert, en Boon,  
Is Speld, Majijs, en Boek-weyt, die daar schoon,  
En heerlijk wast. Is Haver die den loon

Word voor de Paarden.

Is Koe, en Paard, en Schaap, en 't morsig-Swijn,  
Is Gans, en End, en 't Hoen, en 't tam Konijn :  
Het wilder al, en vet, en weeld'rig zijn :

En veylig aarden.

Het word van *Lucht*, en *Aard*, en Vocht vernoegd.  
Op 't suyperste, en eelste, t'saam gevoegd :  
En werkelijk (als het den akker ploegd)

Om voort te teelen.

't Schynt dat NATUUR haar konst, en proefstuk heeft  
In u gehad : Om alles watter leefd,  
Of wat oyt Land, of volle-Zee uyt-geeft,

U meê te deelen.

En dat, op so een wel-gelegen streek  
Daar Zee, Revier, en Kil, en Kriek, en Beek  
Tot 's Menschen dienst, bequaamheyt heeft. Ik spreek

Wie heeft daar tegen ?

Tot handel, en tot Schip-vaart, uytgesocht :  
Met Havens, die den aart zelf heeft gewrocht  
Tot heul, van wie in 't lijden word gebrocht :

En raakt verlegen.

Dit is het LAND, daar Melk en Honig vloeeyd :  
Dit is 't geweest, daar 't Kruyd (als dist'len) groeyd :  
Dit is de Plaats, daar *Arons-Roede* bloeyd :

Dit is het EDEN.

Exotics which, from foreign climes, they bear  
Unto your bosom, need no special care;  
But reach, untended, in your genial air,

    Their proper measure.

There's wheat and rye; and barley, pea, and bean;  
Spelt, maize and buckwheat; all these kinds of grain  
Do nobly grow: for horses to sustain,

    Oats are awarded.

You've horses, cows, and wallowing swine and sheep;  
Geese, ducks and hens; and rabbits (tame to keep)  
Which will be all, both fat and choice to eat,

    And thrive unguarded.

Air, water, soil, of greatest purity;  
And all, combined in sweetest harmony,  
Unite, the ploughed up land to fructify,

    With strength unerring.

You seem the masterpiece of nature's hand;  
Whatever does with breath of life expand,  
Or comes from out the sea, or thrives on land,

    On you conferring.

And, in a country, fitted happily,  
With creek and channel, river, brook and sea,  
For every use of man. I make the plea,

    Who can deny it?

A land for trade and navigation sought;  
With harbors which the earth herself has wrought,  
For aid to those who are in danger brought

    And seek to fly it.

It is the land where milk and honey flow;  
Where plants distilling perfume grow;  
Where Aaron's rod with budding blossoms blow;

    A very Eden.

Gelukkig *Land*, gy tergd, en trotst de nijd.  
 Gy rijst, en klint, wie dat het queld, en spijt.  
 Gy over-wind, wie u geluk bestrijd.

God geef u vrede.

God geef u heyl, en voorspoed, troost, en rust.  
 God bann' de twist, en tweedracht van u Kust.  
 Dat *Nederland* u welvaard mach (met lust

En vreugd) aanschouwen.

Dat yder een (in u) zijn handen werk  
 Met rust geniet. Dat Christi *Ware-Kerk*  
 In u (gelijk een Lely) bloey: En 't merk

Daar van mach houwen.

De Tuchting, en Bond-teekens, en de Leer,  
 Na 't Suyver-woord, van aller Heeren Heer.  
 Gerechtigheyt, en Waarheyt: meer en meer:

Als vaste zuylen.

Waar door en Huys, en Stad, en Land bestaat.  
 Dat andersins wel licht te gronde gaat.  
 Als pracht, geweld, on-kuysheyt, nijt en haat

Daar binnen schuylen.

Maar gy, ô wel, en alder-heerlijkst *LAND*:  
 Weest dankbaar, an des milden Gevers hand.  
 Die u, (als) in een Lust-hof heeft geplant:

Die gy u kind'ren

Meugt laten, tot een Eeuw-eygendom  
 Tot dat het zaad der vrouwen, wederom  
 Verschijn: tot ons' verlossing: welkom.

Wie sal 't hem hind'ren?

*Noch vaster.*



Oh happy land ! while envy you invite,  
 You soar far over all you thus excite ;  
 And conquer whom by chance you meet in fight ;

May God protect and  
 Defend and save you ; peace and comfort give ;  
 All strife and discord from your borders drive ;  
 So Netherland your happiness perceive

With joy and pleasure.

So labor may in peace its fruits consume ;  
 And Christ's true Church fresh as the lily bloom, —  
 Its mark in you irrevocably hewn ,

Henceforth forever.

Rule, doctrine, covenants, all in accord  
 With His pure word who is, of Lords, the Lord ;  
 Where righteouness and truth may rest like broad

And solid pillars.

So may a city, house, or kingdom stand,  
 Which else have laid foundations in the sand,  
 And envy, pride, hate, lust, and violent hand,

Lurk in their cellars.

But you accept, O noblest land of all !  
 With thankfulness, His bounties liberal,  
 Who has a pleasure garden made your soil,

That you might render

Your children an inheritance fore'er,  
 Until the Seed of Woman reappear,  
 For our redemption. Welcome hour ! Who'll dare  
 His coming t'hinder ?

*Noch vaster.*

# PRICKEL-VAERSEN,

AEN DE LIEFHEBBERS VAN DE VOLCK-PLANTING EN BROEDER-  
SCHAP, OP TE RECHTEN, BY DE ZUID-REVIER VAN NIEUW-  
NEDERLAND, DOOR PIETER CORNELISZ. PLOCKHOY VAN  
ZIERCK-ZEE, MET SIJN MEDESTANDERS: EN DE GUNSTIGE  
VOOR-RECHTEN (TOT DIEN EYNDE) VAN DE E. E.  
ACHTBARE HEEREN BURGERMEESTEREN DER STAD  
AMSTELREDAM, HAER VERLEEND DEN 9 VAN  
SOMERMAEND 1662.

# SPURRING-VERSES,

TO THE LOVERS OF THE COLONY AND BROTHERSHIP, TO BE  
ESTABLISHED ON THE SOUTH RIVER OF NEW NETHERLAND,  
BY PETER CORNELISON PLOCKHOY OF ZIERIKZEE,  
WITH HIS ASSOICIATES; AND THE FAVORABLE  
PRIVILEGES, FOR THAT PURPOSE, GRANTED  
BY THE NOBLE LORDS BURGOMASTERS OF  
THE CITY OF AMSTERDAM, THE 9<sup>TH</sup>.  
OF JUNE 1662.

## PRICKEL-VAERSEN.

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Ghy arme, die niet wel kond aen u noodruft raken:  
Gy rijke, die 't geluck in 't voor-hoofd soecken wild:  
Verkiest *Nieuw-neder-land*, ('t sal niemand billik laken)  
Eer gy u tijd en macht, hier vruchteloos verspild.  
Hier moet gy and'ren, om u dienstb'ren arbeyd troonen,  
Daer komt een gulle grond, u werck met woeker loonen.

*Nieuw-neder-land* is 't puyck, en 't eelste van de Landen.  
Een Seegen-rijck gewest, daer Melck en Honigh vloeyd,  
Dat d'alderhooghste heeft (met dubbeld milde handen)  
Begaeft: ja op-gevult, in 't geen daer wast en groeyd.  
De Lugt, de Aerd en Zee, sijn swanger met haer gaven:  
Om (die behoefligh is) oock sonder moeyt te laven.

't Gevoogelt doofde de lucht, wanneer se sich vervoeren.  
Het wild-gedierte kneust, en plet de vaste grond,  
De Visschen, krielen in de wat'ren: en beroeren  
Diens klaerheyd: d'oesters (die men nergens beter vond)  
Verheffen hoop op hoop, en maken menigh Eyland:  
't Gewas verciert het bosch: en bou, en hoy, en Wey-land.

## SPURRING-VERSES.

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You poor, who know not how your living to obtain;  
You affluent, who seek in mind to be content;  
Choose you New Netherland, which no one shall disdain;  
Before your time and strength here fruitlessly are spent.  
There have you other ends, your labor to incite;  
Your work, will generous soils, with usury, requite.

New Netherland's the flow'r, the noblest of all lands;  
With richest blessings crowned, where milk and honey flow;  
By the most High of All, with doubly lib'ral hands  
Endowed; yea filled up full, with what may thrive and grow.  
The air, the earth, the sea, each pregnant with its gift,  
The needy, without trouble, from distress to lift.

The birds obscure the sky, so numerous in their flight;  
The animals roam wild, and flatten down the ground;  
The fish swarm in the waters, and exclude the light;  
The oysters there, than which none better can be found,  
Are piled up, heap on heap, till islands they attain;  
And vegetation clothes the forest, mead and plain.

Hier hebt ghy deel aen, schoon 't u geld noch moeyte koste.  
 Maer so gy naerstigh blijft in d'arbeyd op sijn tijd,  
 (In hoop tot hem, die u uyt d'armoed hier verlost:)  
 Gy sult een rijken loon: genieten voor u vlijt.  
 Aen Vee, aen Graen, aen Fruyt: en duysent and're dingen,  
 Waer door gy stof hebt steeds, d'al-gever lof te singen.

Wat siet gy op u huys, de Stad of 't Land uw's vaders?  
 Is God niet over-al? den Hemel even wijt?  
 Sijn segen deekt de aerd: en stort (uyt volle aders)  
 Een vloed van schatten: die gy vind waer dat gy sijt.  
 Sy is aen Koning-rijk, noch Vorsten-dom gebonden,  
 Sy word so wel in 't een, als 't ander Land gevonden.

Maer daer, daer siet gy steeds, een levende vertooningh  
 Van Eden: en van 't Land, aen Jacobs saad beloofd:  
 Wie sou in dat gewest (in sulck een 't samen-wooningh)  
 Niet wenschen vry te sijn; en yder hoofd voor hoofd,  
 Het voor-recht (elck gegund, van d'Amstels-Burger-Heeren)  
 Genieten? en 't gesach van haer beleydingh eeren?

De 't samen-wooningh is, een grond van alle Staten.  
 Die eerst gehucht en buert, en Dorp ja Steden maeckt:  
 Waer uyt 't gemeene-best ontspringt, wiens onder-saten,  
 Den welstand van 't gemeen (als eygen) 't harte raeckt.  
 'Tis geen *Vtopia*, 't steund op gegronde wetten:  
 Die tot de vrijheyd u een vasten Regel setten.

Gy sult geen Vremdelingh, in dese Landen wesen:  
 Als eertijts ISRAEL, self in ÆGYPTEN was.  
 Gy hoeft geen dienstbaerheyd, noch dwinglandy te vreesen:  
 Mits *Iosefs* ogen sien, en letten op 't Kompas,  
 De vaders die aen 't Y, haer Stad met lof bestueren.  
 Sijn u beschermers, en u Land-aerd u gebueren.

You have a portion there which costs not pains or gold:  
But if you labor give, then shall you also share  
(With trust in Him who you from want does there uphold)  
A rich reward, in time, for all your toil and care.  
In cattle grain and fruit, and every other thing;  
Whereby you always have great cause His praise to sing.

What see you in your houses, towns and Fatherland?  
Is God not over all? the heavens ever wide?  
His blessings deck the earth, — like bursting veins expand  
In floods of treasures o'er, wherever you abide;  
Which neither are to monarchies nor duke-doms bound,  
They are as well in one, as other country found.

But there, a living view does always meet your eye,  
Of Eden, and the promised land of Jacob's seed;  
Who would not, then, in such a formed community,  
Desire to be a freeman; and the rights decreed,  
To each and every one, by Amstel's burgher Lords,  
T'enjoy? and treat with honor what their rule awards?

Communities the groundwork are of every state;  
They first the hamlet, village and the city make;  
From whence proceeds the commonwealth; whose members, great  
Become, an intérest in the common welfare take.  
'T is no Utopia; it rests on principles,  
Which, for true liberty, prescribes you settled rules.

You will not aliens, in those far lands appear;  
As formerly, in Egypt, e'en was Israel.  
Nor have you slavery nor tyranny to fear,  
Since Joseph's eyes do see, and on the compass fall.  
The civic Fathers who on th' Y, perform their labors,  
Are your protectors; and your countrymen are neighbors.

*Nieuw-neer-lands* Zuyd-revier: of 't weede *almasonas*)  
Schaft (op haer oevers) u een luthof: tot verblijf.  
Gy kiest of Swanen-dal (daer *Osets* rijk en troon was)  
Of wel een ander plaats, tot nut van u bedrijf.  
Gy hebt de keur van al: het staet u vry te kiezen.  
Betracht dit voor-recht wel, gy sult het niet verliesen.

Verwerpt dan 't quaed gerucht (on-waerdigh na te luyst'ren)  
'T is uyt wan-gunst of haat, of on-kun meest verdicht,  
Van haer die d'oorsaeck sijn: om hatigh te verduyst'ren,  
Dees schoone Ochtend-son voor 't lachend middagh-licht.  
Aen toe-val mach de saeck wel hind'ren, niet verand'ren,  
Maer neemt se wech, gy sult, diens glans en luyster schrand'ren.

'T was maer een toe-val, die haer stof geeft te verachten,  
Dat Land dat (na mijn kun) geen eygen weerga heeft,  
Om u (die lust hebt daer te wonen) de gedachten:  
T'ont-roeren buyten 't spoor, eer gy u derwaerts geeft.  
Doch sonder Re'en en grond, 't geen yder licht kan vatten:  
Die tijd en Plaats versuymd, verwaerloost groote schatten.

JACOB STEEN-DAM,

*Noch vaster.*



New Netherland's South River, — second Amazon,  
 For you a pleasure garden on its banks concedes.  
 Choose you the Swanendael, where Osset<sup>1</sup> had his throne,  
 Or any other spot your avocation needs.  
 You have the choice of all; and you're left free to choose;  
 Keep the conditions well, and you have naught to lose.

Discard the base report, unworthy of your ear;  
 'Tis forged by ignorance and hate and jealous spite,  
 By those who are its authors, to bedim this fair  
 Bright morning sun before the laughing noonday light.  
 An accident may hinder, but not change the plan,  
 Whose gloss, take that away, you then may fairly scan.

'T was but an accident, which gives them stuff to slight  
 That land, which, *as I know*, no proper rival has;  
 In order from your purpose they may you affright,  
 Who there desire to live, before you thither pass.  
 'T is groundless, ev'ry one may easily perceive.  
 Who now neglects the chance, great treasures does he leave.

JACOB STEENDAM,

*Noch vaster.*

<sup>1</sup> Gilles Osset or Hosset was the commander of the colony which was sent out in 1630-1 to the Hoerekil or Swanendael, on the Delaware, by Godyn, Van Rensselaer, Bloemart, De Laet and David Pietersz. de Vries, patroons under the West India Company. When de Vries went out, the next year, he found the colony destroyed; Osset and the rest of the colonists, thirty three in number, having been barbarously murdered by the Indians, and their bodies left to rot in the fields, where they were slain, around their half burnt fort. It is this *accident*, as he calls it, the poet deprecates, in the two following stanzas, from being urged to retard the proposed attempt to reestablish a colony in the same region. The city of Amsterdam, had several years before sent out other colonists to the south River who, with some previously settled there under the auspices of the West India Company, were their countrymen, whom the new colonists were to find as neighbors.



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